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herself now and then, at work upon some sketch or study. It is almost impossible to credit that this child—in appearance—has carried off the highest honors ever awarded to an American sculptor in Paris. But a casual conversation on art topics with her carries conviction that the quaint little head, with its dark locks descending in short curls upon the broad, heavy forehead and by the sides of her narrow face, as in a Reynolds portrait of a lady of the eighteenth century, contains all the illumination and insight necessary for such achievement. The life in these things of hers is their surprising and distinctive quality. They are unlike any other art in the *naïf*, naked truth of the meagre little frames of ten-year-old boys. One is a boy curled upon the river-bank after his swim, the other is a boy playing his Pan-pipe while a rabbit listens. Both are eloquent, with all their simplicity, in the eloquence of reality and directness and the able searching for truth. Miss Ruggles has never had any other teaching but that of Mr. Kitson.

Mr. C. E. Dallin, who is also back in Boston, is a product of the Far West, moulded by Boston study into preparation for Paris. His triumph was achieved very naturally in the realistic figure of a Sioux chief, modelled from one of Buffalo Bill's live Indians in Paris, though Dallin has been familiar with the genuine Indians of the Utah plains from his babyhood. Mr. Dallin has brought an excellent dower of wits to his artistic training in Boston and Paris, an American spirit of enterprise, as well as lofty aims and aspirations.

The painters are not yet back from the country, and the summer's campaign on canvas and sketch-paper cannot now be estimated. When the returns are in, there will be a deal of work to be credited to the new art of amateur photography. Happily, the prescription, "You press the button, we do the rest," does not yet produce works of art. The painter is still a necessity, and the true painter's eye and soul, with everybody popping pictures, will gain higher appreciation than ever.

GRETA.

THE CHICAGO ART EXHIBITION.

NEW YORK awarded the palm to this year's exhibition of the Society of American Artists, and sent the pictures to us as "the best collection of American art ever shown in this country." Chicago, who for eight years has followed the progress of our Parisian exiles as well as of the painters more loyal to their country, cannot accept the Eastern verdict. The crown belongs to her, as a well-known New York painter visiting the Inter-State Exposition the other day readily admitted. For, although among the four hundred and eighty-five exhibits in the present collection there are fifty foreign pictures, these cannot detract from the Americanism of the exhibition, the majority of them being grouped together as a representation of the French Impressionists. Of the two hundred and sixteen names in the catalogue one hundred and eighty-eight are of Americans. Chicago artists send fifty-two pictures, a large increase over previous years, due not to a lowering of the high standard, but to the better quality of the local work. Two prizes of five hundred dollars each have been offered by Mr. Potter Palmer and Mr. James H. Dole, for the best landscape or marine and the best figure subject.

A collection various in its phases, representing a wide range of artistic thought and method, is chiefly remarkable for the proof it offers that American painters are leaving the French nest and spreading their wings for a brave flight. Our painters are beginning to interpret where formerly they were content to portray. The familiar reproach of barrenness of imagination in American art is losing its pertinence. Few persons are callous enough to study the group of seventeen landscapes by Charles H. Davis, without feeling the wide repose and serenity, the mystery and majesty of Nature. This artist has the instinct so to concentrate her elements, so to choose and discard, as to give us the very spirit of green groves and spacious meadows, unmarred by the discords of reality. He loves peace and avoids violence. Not for him are the terrors of storm and darkness, the ardors of tropic color, the passions and ecstasies of the fierce old earth in her bold encounters with day and night. Rather her moods of gentleness and holy calm, her sweet repose under soft sunlight, her quiet gladness after rain, her tender farewells to the sun, her prayerful hush under the whispering moon. We know not from what mysterious hills, clothed with soft blues and purples in the twilight, his "Brook" comes eddying downward through the wide green meadows; but we know

that in the depths of this spacious picture is a land of dreams, and that this tiny stream, widening into a river, will carry the light of it to the sea.

And the lyrics that Harrison wins from ocean and river are no less beautiful and spontaneous. Only once in the five pictures he sends us, does the freshness of his inspiration flag in the least. One "Landscape," which shows a still river shadowed by trees and reflecting the soft moonlight, is marvellous for its interpretation of the rich colors of night. Just these deep greens of foliage has one beheld on summer evenings, just these intense blues and purples and reds has one seen curving under the silver crests of moonlit waves. But few painters have so charged their memories with this rich message as to be able to deliver it when the witching hour is past. Not less beautiful is a swiftly-painted "Marine" done on the radiant coast of Algiers, a bold, brilliant, joyous sketch, wholly fresh and true. Another pure lyric is a little daylight river scene, all silver and silvery green.

A finer marine than Edward Moran has sent us for many years is his superb dramatic view of a flock of sea-gulls plunging through white foam, dipping their wings in the wild waters, and listening to the "Melodies of the Sea," far away from the peopled land. Tryon also has been studying the sea to good purpose, especially in a canvas which shows little boats drying their white sails after a swift storm. Emile Carlson's sea is Venetian, and the deep blue mists of dawn envelope the great red sails and the spacious waters, pierced only by one golden streak of conquering sunlight. One may find among these studies of nature many good things which are already known in New York. J. Alden Weir has an afternoon scene of quite exceptional charm and intensity of color; and a large stern study of "October," by J. H. Twachtman, has a certain sombre strength. Henry S. Bisbing sends several fine out-door studies of animals, though nothing so exceptional as his enormous "In the Fields" of last year. Charles Sprague Pearce's "Evening," which shows sheep and a shepherd in cold misty moonlight, is a restful theme in grays.

Two landscapes by Cazin are in his happiest vein. One of them, a moonlight view of his own house by the ocean, reveals through its soft pinkish grays a wonderful clear spaciousness of sea and sky. The other, "The Windmill," is a characteristic stretch of broken country, with a windmill at the crest of a ridge; and both are executed with all that poetic tenderness of color and mastery of values of which this painter has the secret. Lerolle is here also in lovely dreamy grays, that clothe his idyllic figures with the grace and soft sweetness of starry nights. And Montenard, with his splendid brilliancy of color, the intense blue waters of "The Mediterranean" contrasted with the glowing whiteness of hot sands. And so, with one more step toward the ardors of Nature's pageantry of color, we reach the impressionists themselves.

What shall one say of them? That they are Nature in dress parade, Nature sumptuously clad in gleaming silken gauzes, resplendent in jewels more dazzling than the stars. She spreads her iridescent robe like wings to sparkle in the sunshine, and lo! the light streams through, and the flowers and grasses beneath her dancing feet shine more joyously than before. Not sober, sombre Nature, with her burden of tragic secrets, not placid, restful Nature, nor Nature terrific and implacable do we find in the work of Monet, Pissarro, Sisley and the rest; but Nature exultant, ecstatic, half mad with joy, looking at the universe through prismatic eyes, dreaming herself incapable of sorrow. At their best we have indeed pictures from these men; pictures lovely, harmonious, ideally true. When they fail, their failure is more disastrous than it would be if they had attempted less. Two or three of these canvases even the most ardent enthusiast would pronounce mere blotches of ill-assorted color.

If I have left our countrymen's study of figures for the close of this notice, it is not because this is the least important phase of this exhibition, but rather the reverse. Nowhere do we find progress so remarkable, nowhere such hopeful promise for the future. Comparatively few of these pictures have been shown in New York. Most of them have come from Paris—from the two Salons and the Universal Exposition—or they are recently completed works of Eastern men. We have a little nude "Orpheus" from Brush; a girl in "A City Park" from Chase; a girl in black reading a letter—a beautifully executed bit—from Dannat; also an admirable study of fruit; a lovely little open-air nude and a

fair Greek figure on a marble garden-sett from Will H. Low; two giddily-colored allegories from H. Siddons Mowbray; dainty girls in water-colors from Percy and Leon Moran—all these and other pictures being characteristic but not exceptional examples of the respective painters. More unusual are some of the portraits. Mary K. Trotter sends a shadowy figure of a "Boy with a Racket," suggestive in feeling and admirable in its gradations of sombre color; also a "Lamp-light" study, which is more than a tour de force, being most charming in feeling. Julian Story's portrait of his father in scarlet Oxford gown is a vigorous expression of virile character, appropriately set in shading and contrasting reds. From Eleanor Norcross come singularly frank and dramatic portraits of young girls, wrought in color schemes daringly yet knowingly monotonous. Mrs. Sewell's portrait of "Mother and Son," like her classic composition "Pleasures of the Past," is a trifle rigid in feeling and style; though both pictures have qualities of sentiment and color. Tarbell's "Girl with Violin" is a dainty bit, and his "Three Sisters" is a rare delight, with its brilliancy of sunlight on face and drapery and foliage. Lucy S. Conant has two exquisite heads of girls, with purple shadows in their dark hair. Blashfield has surpassed himself in his graceful "Portrait of a Lady," so skilfully toned to green and gold. But of all the portraits, two by Abbott H. Thayer are the most sympathetic, original, and spiritual; they challenge the world for a painter who can express so finely the purity and delicacy of womanhood. The majestic, auburn-haired woman in the golden robe has been seen in New York. The other is a portrait of the young girl whom the public has already met in "Brother and Sister," a child of love and sadness, whose dewy twilight face looks out from soft shadows at the noisy world.

An entire wall of the gallery is devoted to thirteen pictures by Gari Melchers, four of them portraits painted last winter in Chicago and showing a strong aptitude in a field new to this painter. In most cases he paints to the life, and in one or two to the soul. His sunny out-of-doors scenes are charming, especially a little pastel nude. The largest of his pictures, "The Sermon," which shows a dozen Dutch peasants half asleep in church under the droning of a country parson, has been exhibited in New York; though in a place ill-adapted to display the masterly qualities of its technique or its quiet delicacy of tone. "Spring Flowers," by Jules L. Stewart, is an enormous canvas, brilliant with gorgeous girls and more gorgeous flowers, a splendid, vigorous, superficial thing, as gay and gaudy as fashionable society, but without its undercurrent of despair or desire.

Walter McEwen shows a young Dutch girl reading to her father on "All Soul's Day," and gives to their thought of the dead mother a shadowy embodiment. In her accustomed chair she sits, visible yet transparent, every feature of face and drapery set forth in colors more filmy than a fairy's gossamer. This tour de force is accomplished without loss of grace or simplicity; it seems the natural fulfilment of the high poetic tenderness of the theme, in no sense startling or unreal, a beautiful artistic expression of the nearness of the living to the dead.

George Hitchcock dreams also of the supernatural, and gives us one more interpretation of "The Annunciation." Simply a haloed figure in a field of blowing lilies is his conception of the divine old theme; and we do not ask for the angel and the dove, content to read the heavenly message in the soul of the woman immaculate. Another sacred picture is a "Holy Family," by F. V. DuMond, a young painter who won a medal at this year's Salon for this picture, the first he ever exhibited. His conception of the world-old theme is new, realistic, yet singularly religious. He shows a bare interior, with a carpenter's bench half hidden in the purple shadows. Under the small bright window Mary and Joseph are seated at table, their hands clasped and their heads bowed over the loaf of bread and the bowl of 'broth. Opposite stands the boy Christ blessing their frugal meal. The painter has concentrated the divinity of his theme in the three faces, which are beautifully reverent and exalted, the face of the divine youth especially being a lovely expression of that wonderful, inscrutable, immaculate soul.

In sculpture, besides Mr. MacMonnies' swift little "Diana," there is only one exhibit. St. Gaudens's beautiful bas-relief of Bastien-Lepage, which all Paris admired years ago and loves to this day. The collection of water-colors shows many interesting and admirable features; but the oils have already delayed us too long.

CHICAGO, September 10, 1890.

H. H. MONROE.